

"You have been here a year now, Tom," said Willoughby one day. "Haven't you found out a place where I can marry yet?"

"No, sir. I don't intend marrying at present."

"Not at present—eh? When then?"

"When you do, sir."

Willoughby laughed aloud; but from that day he understood Tom perfectly.

"He wishes to reform me," he would sometimes say to himself; "and perhaps he may. Who knows?"

"I shall want the brown mare ap to-morrow," said Willoughby to Tom one night in the smoking-room: "I'm going to Mr. Ferguson's. We'll have the dog-cart, and you shall drive me, as my horse is a little weak." He had sprained it about a month before.

"None of them carding-parties, I hope, sir," said Tom.

"Shut the door and sit down," Tom obeyed.

"Tom!" he cried; but there was no answer. He passed his hand over his breast and felt the life ebbing from him. He knelt on the rug, and raised his arms toward the ceiling, and his hands pressed against his knees. The agonizing struggle of Tom's head against his knees. The agonizing struggle of the dying man; he opened his eyes, they looked awful in the moonlight. He was struggling to speak. "Father," he said faintly, "have you got the notes?"

"Yes."

"Then the farm is safe—remember the promise—may—"

His voice seemed to linger lovingly on the word "master." In a little while came a great sigh—the sigh of the parting spirit.

Willoughby bent down and reverently pressed a kiss on the dead man's forehead; then, raising his eyes to heaven, he saw in the east, far away in the direction of his home, the light of the breaking day. The new day—(Appleton Laith in Temple Bar.

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One of this was the fact that the man was consulting a guide-book of the city. Obviously they wanted to go somewhere, and the women were waiting with expectant faces the decision which their guide should make after studying the book. They could not have appeared more interested if it had been a will disposing of a fortune. The man, who had expected a share, suddenly the man appeared to find what he was looking for, and he announced in a confident tone that "it was all right."

A Broadway car was just passing and the man halted by yelling in a voice which drowned even the roar of the street noises. At the same time he swung both his arms, umbrella, handle and all in the air by way of emphasis. As strange as it may seem, the driver saw the action and heard the call, and the car stopped. The man seized the hand of the first woman, and he waved the ladies in the car and in an enthusiastic way.

and ingeniousness that close in the after-
glow of weariness, that open wide in all the ex-
posed and unguarded moments of her work-
er's life, is that strange, subtle smile of com-
prehension that flows the power. A great impersonal
force, a great impersonal power, a great im-
perspective power, her dramatic capabilities, her gift
for being moved, for reading the emotions of those
about her, for understanding the things that she
affects one all the time as being, after all, re-
moved from what she does of an artist whose
life is a performance, a performance of a per-
forming automaton in all fine histrionic genius, and I
find some of the charm of the automation in Yvette
the bright-haired girl, who looks so pleased and so amused
when you applaud her, and whom it pleases to please
you, and who is so glad to be so glad, and who is so
glad to see how she happens to be a great artist; how she
has found a voice for the tragic comedy of cities; how
she has found a voice for the tragic comedy of cities; how
she has found a voice for the tragic comedy of cities.
The secret, the secret, we are accustomed to
the secret, and I like to imagine that it is a secret which

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